THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 12, 1808.

THE CAUSE OF SPAIN.

IT is the happy characteristic of a free government, and, in fact, its main distinction from more arbitrary forms, that the people, having a common interest with their governors, have from the same cause a more perfect sympathy, a more interested participation, in their feelings and concerns. Under despotic monarchies, the cause of the monarch is the cause of the monarch alone; the people feel little sympathy in what they do not consider as belonging to themselves; they feel but as accessaries in their own cause; they are vassals who have to guard the estate of their barons, and not their own freehold. It is not thus in a state circumstanced like our own; the cause of the government is here the cause of the country, and the cause of the country that of every individual citizen. It is this feeling which has of late become so general amongst us with respect to the cause of the Spanish patriots: this is not the cause of the government, but of the people; the whole nation seems moved with one common energy, and every individual is a patriot in a foreign struggle. That the contest which is now carrying on in Spain will finally succeed, there is, we hope, little doubt. The immense ultimate superiority of a nation against an army would determine the struggle in its favour, were that cause more equivocal in its issue than the cause of Spain appears to be. But there are peculiarities in this cause, which we do not remember, in the slightest degree, to have attended any other since the French revolution. Bonaparte is now decidedly in the wrong; the plausible guise is torn away by his own hands; he is wholly without any pretext; he can no longer throw out his favourite pretence of the continent being disturbed by the English; of the menace of a

fifth coalition; of a determination amongst the governments of Europe to have no peace with France whilst permitted to live under a rule of her own choosing; he has robbed himself of all these decent pretexts; and stands now naked and undefended by all favourable prejudice and opinion, self-committed in one of the most flagitious causes in which his ambition has ever adventured.

This war has besides a more peculiar feature of novelty. The people have been eased of the fatal incumbrance of a corrupt and feeble cabinet, in which an incessant and paralizing course of intrigue was carried on. This grievance, upon the first stir of the enemy, made to itself wings and took flight. In all former wars it was with such cabinets that France was engaged; and after one game had been played in the cabinet, of intrigue, solicitation, trick, and bribery, another game was the consequence of it in the field. Contending with such wretched tools, directed by such feeble incapacity, there was nothing in the result which astonished any thinking man.

But the weapons are now changed, together with those who wield them; a whole people is at war with a foreign court and its armies; they have a territory of natural defence to act in, and can oppose entrenchments, thrown up by earthquakes and deluges, to the battering rams of their enemy. They wage a just and purely defensive war; their cause is most righteous, and they will pursue it to the last extremity. This is indeed a new enemy, and one from which Napoleon, with all his audacity, must avert with singular horror.

MEMOIRS *of* PRINCE BAGRATION.

(Continued from Page 708.)

IN 1799, our hero accompanied the field-marshal into Italy; and there formed a junction with General Melas at Valeggio. Suworroff took on himself the chief command of both armies; and immediately adopted the proper measures to push forward, and form the blockades of Mantua and Peschiera. Bagration had now passed the regular gradations in the army; and though yet not more than eight and twenty, had deservedly attained the rank of general. Shortly after the dispositions relative to the blockade were made, he, at the head of his detachment, came up with the French, and beat them near Cremona; taking four hundred prisoners, and some cannon. Strange effects of war! that the natives of the banks of the Seine and of the Volga should march over many a league, to meet at last on the Po, for the purposes of mutual destruction!

Brescia

Brescia was next taken. Our young hero, along with General Vuckassavich, penetrated the mountains, and drove the enemy from Tonale to Edolo; descended the valley of the Oglio, and pushed to the northern extremity of the lake of Iseo. Thus, as the heads of the vallies on the two slopes of the Great Alps were secured, the left flank of the Swiss army, and the right flank of their army in Italy, were supported; and those of the enemy in the same countries were turned. The inhabitants of the various towns, finding these advantages brought about by the skill and bravery of the young Bagration, rose upon the French; and victory followed the imperial standards wherever they flew. The prince and some Austrians were sent to Parma to rescue the Pope, whom the enemy were carrying to France; but the information had arrived too late; when they arrived there, the unfortunate Pius the Sixth was already far out of their reach. Disappointed in this enterprize, they directed their force against a large body of republicans who lay at some distance; and after a long march across a country flooded with continual rains, Bagration had the satisfaction to drive the enemy back to Lecco with considerable loss.

Moreau now took the field against the allied armies; and stationed his troops along the opposite bank of the Adda to that occupied by the imperialists and Russians. Marshal Suworoff, confiding in the intrepidity of his favourite generals, Vuckassovich and Bagration, unable to turn the French line, resolved to force it; as to conquer the Milanese was of the greatest importance to the issue of the campaign. The two generals, accordingly, as a first measure, succeeded in making themselves masters of a flying-bridge, which the enemy had neglected completely to destroy. Having quickly repaired it, they marched their men across the river, and took a position at Brivio; so important was the situation, that it is surprising Moreau did not see the necessity of guarding it with picquets. Similar dispositions were made with the rest of the combined army, 'till the whole of it was transported to the best point of attack. The consequences were evident, a formidable battle took place, and the enemy retired towards Milan; they were pursued, but the obscurity of the night, and the fatigue of the victors, favoured their retreat. The reduction of Milan immediately followed; and in the course of a few days, Marshal Suworoff and his brave compeers entered the capital of Lombardy in triumph.

By surprising the passage of the Adda at Brivio, the line of communication was destroyed between the center and left of the French; the latter, thus cut off, had General Vuckassovich upon its right flank, and on its left, Prince Bagration, who carried the bridge of that place, and forced the enemy to take

to flight. He then supported Vuckassovich, compelled the French General Serrurier to lay down his arms, and he and his men (to the amount of three thousand) became prisoners of war. Serrurier, as a mark of respect to his valour and probity, was permitted to return into France on his parole that he would not serve during the war. Bagration admired this brave officer, who having been a lieutenant-colonel under Louis XVI. had so preserved his honour unsullied from the cruelty or avidity of the republican generals, as to go by the name of the virgin of the army.

The Milanese being entirely in the possession of the combined armies, the best dispositions were made to surround the enemy. Conformably with this plan, Marshal Suworoff determined to attack both the French flanks at the same instant. Moreau sustained the shock with impregnable firmness, and overthrowing the advanced posts of the imperialists, drove them by Marengo towards St. Juliano. Prince Bagration, who was marching from Novi with five Russian battalions towards the Po, came up with the flying Austrians, and rallying them, did not hesitate to stand the brunt of a pursuing enemy. He formed the united corps into two lines, faced them, and under a burst of inspiring martial music, charged them with fixed bayonets, and put them to the route. Turin, Carmagnola, Pignerol, Suza, Ferrara, and Ravenna, opened their gates to the conquerors; and thus did the brave Russians, in one week, carry their arms from the Scrivia to the Stura and the Dora, nay to the very frontiers of France!

General Macdonald now advanced from South Italy to reinforce Moreau, hoping that, with their united armies, they might recover the Milanese, and drive the allies back. Suworoff foresaw this, and knowing how to accommodate his measures to the circumstances around him, he anticipated Macdonald, and came up with him near Placentia. It was night when the marshal arrived, and granting his troops only a few hours repose, he formed them in order of battle. They were drawn up in three columns, Prince Bagration leading the vanguard. The conflict was long and obstinate, but Macdonald was beaten and wounded. Enraged at this discomfiture, at the very first movement he made towards the fulfilment of his mighty design, he resolved to take a speedy revenge. He was at the head of at least thirty thousand men, and the allies had no more. His line lay behind the Trebia, which divided him from the victors, now doubly fatigued by conquest and the preceding forced march. Aware of this advantage, the republicans advanced suddenly across the river, and pushed back the Russian out-posts. The whole of the French army passed over, and opened a heavy fire on the allies, attempting by a strong effort to turn their flanks. After a short but vigorous

gorous contest, the right was nearly overpowered, when Prince Bagration, seeing its danger, came up, outflanked in turn the hostile column, fell upon it with an impetuous charge, dispersed it on all sides, took its cannon, and many prisoners, amongst whom were four general officers. Macdonald, routed in all quarters, was obliged to sound a hasty retreat, and once more leave the field to his conquerors.

The retiring of Macdonald into Tuscany, the retreat of Moreau into the defiles of the Apennines; and the re-union of Marshal Suworoff with General Bellegarde upon the banks of the Bormida, changed the war of battles into that of blockades and of sieges. The advantages which Suworoff expected from these successes, were the conquest of Tuscany, and the capture of Allessandria, Tortona, and Mantua. These plans being ardently seconded by Bagration, and the other generals under his command, were effected; and the field-marshal had the satisfaction to receive the keys of the three cities. Meanwhile the grand-duke of Tuscany and his subjects, rising upon the republicans, Macdonald was obliged to evacuate the country, confessing that the French had ruined the inhabitants by their requisitions; and, strange to tell, he offered them as a compensation for such robbery, the fruits of their pillage. But at any rate it was a great triumph on the part of suffering Italy, to be able to demand such restitution from the ravager.

Prince Bagration, at the head of the vanguard of the principal army of the allies, gained ground on the Apennines, on the road to Genoa; and having pushed his advanced post to near Gavi, invested the fort of Serravalle, and by the vigour of his fire forced the garrison to surrender. By gaining this castle, which stands on a high bank of the Scrivia, he commanded the whole valley, to which this fortress is the key. The acquisition of so important a post in the mountains determined Suworoff to watch Moreau and his colleague Joubert, from Novi, where he fixed his head-quarters. Soon after this disposition, the terrible battle of Novi took place. The French were drawn up to great advantage on the heights; but Suworoff, unaccustomed to temporize, and knowing how to find in danger an opportunity for victory, at nine o'clock in the morning attacked them in front. The extreme acclivity of the mountains, and the incessant fire of the French, rendered abortive this act of desperate valour. The Russians were repulsed with loss, but for six hours they renewed the assault; and though beaten back each time, yet each time they pushed on with redoubled force and intrepidity. Rosenberg, Derfelden, and Bagration, after prodigies of valour, and great slaughter of their men, were obliged to lead back their troops. But again, after an hour's breathing, they renewed the charge at four o'clock, and ascended the mountain on their hands and knees,

knees, under a fire that swept like the lava of Etna. Victory now hovered over the Russians: General Melas with his fresh battalions arrived to their support, and after a desperate conflict the heights were taken, the French driven from their posts, and rolling down the declivities in heaps of wounded and dying, covered the plain beneath with blood and carnage. Eight thousand republicans were killed, and four thousand made prisoners. The allies also paid dear for the victory, having lost seven thousand of their bravest troops.

(To be continued.)

FASHIONS *for* SEPTEMBER, 1808.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

LONDON EVENING DRESS.

A Round dress of white imperial sarsnet, or Italian crape, with a Roman tunick of amber satin, or Chinese silk. Antique stomacher, short folded sleeve, and roset trimmings. Hair disposed in alternate bands and curls, with a long corkscrew ringlet falling from the left temple on the shoulder. Crescent comb, or ornament of fine wrought gold, placed in front of the hair. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets of amethyst, set transparent. French kid gloves above the elbow. Shoes of white satin; and Indian fan of carved ivory.

A RIDING DRESS.

A Spanish habit, or Polish riding dress, with the patriotic helmet, formed of superfine Georgian cloth, or thin kerseymere. Gold buttons, and trimmings to correspond. Small French watch, worn on the outside. Plain high cravat of French cambric; collar of the habit sitting close round the throat. Hair in irregular ringlets. Gloves and shoes of lemon-coloured kid.

LONDON HALF DRESS.

A plain Spanish robe of white or pea-green sarsnet, with short union sleeves, and winged ruff *á la Cleopatra,* formed of rich antique point. A Grecian turban, with tiara front, edged with pearl, or coloured beads; a pendant end falling on the left shoulder, terminated with a correspondent tassel. Hair in plain bands, with a few simple curls at the ear. Gold filligree ear-rings of the globe form. Necklace and bracelets of pale carved amber. An amber brooch in form of a heart, apparently confining the robe at the bosom. Long white kid

gloves sitting close to the arm, and confined under the sleeve. Shoes of fancy kid, or imperial silk; colour to suit the dress. White crape fan, wrought in silver hieroglyphics.

A MORNING NEGLIGEE.

A simple round gown, with long sleeves, and frock bosom, composed of India muslin, either plain or figured; worn often entirely without trimming, but more generally ornamented with needle work or scolloped lace. A large fancy gipsy hat, of French chip, or fine plaited straw, worn without any ornament. A large half square mantle, or scarf, of pea-green and white shot sarsnet, or amber muslin, thrown in graceful negligence over one shoulder, brought across the front of the bosom, and tied in a military knot and long ends on the adverse side of the waist. Gloves and shoes of pea-green, or palm coloured kid. Green shaded parasol with white fringe.

It is necessary to observe, that with this dress it is more consistent and decorous to cover the bosom, either with a shirt of French net, or wrought muslin.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

The most novel article in pelisses and mantles are now formed of coloured muslins, painted or printed in India shawl patterns, or in fancy antique borders. Those of white muslin, or leno, with the raised pea spot, bear also a fashionable distinction, and from their neatness and convenience are worthy a place amidst their more shewy contemporaries. In the construction of these articles we discover little novelty, except that they are now formed with a high round collar, puckered very small, which are fastened at the throat with a silver filligree, or other neat brooch.

The Spanish mantle, and patriotic helmet, are now in high request; and ell-wide squares, and half-squares, a yard and half in length, of coloured muslin, wrought in small feathered tufts, and disposed tastefully over the plain white robe, comprise much grace and elegance. Small poke bonnets, formed of palm-coloured sarsnet, in alternate puckers and stripes, edged with Chinese trimming, and worn with mantles, or pelisses of the same, attract by the unobtrusive neatness of their shade, and the simple elegance of their construction. But we cannot but remark that the palm-colour is appropriate only to females of the most delicate complexion.

The French tippet, which had ever a flippant (not to say vulgar effect) was seldom adapted by women of refined taste; it is now submitting to a gradual decline. French cloaks, of coloured, or white sarsnet, trimmed with fancy floss borders, or lace, more gracefully supply their place; the ends of these

cloaks

cloaks are not permitted to reach below the knee. Large squares of leno are worn either as a mantle or as a drapery for the evening dress; the distinction consists in the varied disposition of its folds.

Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Ship Agatha, at Memel.

Written by one of the unfortunate Sufferers, who was a common Sailor.

ON the 2d of April at 2 P. M. sailed from Liebau, the wind at E. N. E. and very fine weather, the loose ice lying about 1½ miles from the shore; but we got through it without doing the least damage to the vessel, at the rate of 2 miles an hour; then we got into clear water about 3 P. M. with the wind at east south-east. Little wind and fine weather on the 4th; at 2 P. M. got sight of Oeland, bearing, by the compass, 10 north-west, and distance eight or nine miles; at 4 P. M. got close in, and perceived the ice lying about a mile from the shore. The wind was then about west-south-west, and the colonel came to me, and asked me if it was not possible to come to an anchor under the island? I told him, no; for the ice would drift off with the wind and cut the cables; so he asked the captain what was best to be done, and he said he would stand to the leeward 'till eight o'clock, and then come back to the island; but at eight he would not tack, and at twelve at night he would not tack. It then blew a gale of wind from the west and a very high sea; the vessel made much water, and the pumps were choaked with the ballast; by this time the water was partly over the ballast, and the sailors would not bale but very little, by which means the water gained very fast, and the wind was now at west-north-west.

At twelve o'clock on the 6th Mr. Pollen came to me, and asked me, what was best to be done; if the vessel was fit to keep sea or not? I told him it was impossible for the vessel to live long if the sailors did not make better use of their bailing, for there was already three feet of water in the hold, and it still kept gaining on us, so I told him it was best to bear away for some port in Prussia, to save the vessel and lives. Yes, says Mr. Pollen, I think that is the best we can do; He then went to the captain, and told him he thought it necessary that we should bear away for some harbour. To which the captain readily complied, and recommended Liebau. But Mr. Pollen objected to Liebau, on account of Mr. Bening's coming away without a pass from Prussia. So he agreed to go to Memel; for at Pilau there was too little water, and said he had never been at Memel in his life. So he told Mr. Pollen, if he

would take the ship into Memel he would give me charge of her as soon as we came to the bar.

At two in the morning of the 7th got sight of land about fifteen miles to the leeward of Memel, and got close in on a lee shore, through the captain's carelessness of running so far in the dark, we hauled the ship to by the wind on the larboard tack: at four got sight of Memel, which the captain taking to be Liebau, came and asked me what place it was. I told him it was Memel, which surprised him very much. I went down into the cabin, and told Colonel Pollen I saw Memel; he immediately came on deck full of glee, and likewise Lord Royston, and all the other gentlemen. Mr. Pollen said to the captain, Now will you give the mate the charge of the vessel? He told him, yes, he would. At five I took charge of the vessel to carry her into Memel harbour; at six came to the bar, and the sea very high, two seamen at the helm; as soon as the captain saw the sea breaking on the bar, he was afraid, and ran directly to the helm, and put it hard-a-port, and all my striving was in vain against three of them. I begged, for God's sake, to put the helm the other way, and save our lives, but all was in vain, for in ten minutes she was on the south sand; the third time she struck she was full of water, and a dreadful sight soon presented itself to our view. The wind was then at west-north-west, a gale of wind. There was a wooden-house on deck. Lady Pollen and Mrs. Barnes, and her three children, and likewise three gentlemen, a servant man, a Prussian boy, and a servant girl, got into this small place to save themselves from the sea. Colonel Pollen and I immediately began to clear the boat, and the sailors would not assist us; he soon got the small boat out, and three sailors got into her with the captain. Lord Royston would have got into the same, but I stopped him, and the captain came out again, and as soon as they got away from the ship she turned over, and the three sailors were all drowned. Then we cleared the large boat, but before we got her out she was washed away from us by the sea. Then we could do nothing more than trust to God to send us some assistance.

About 9 P. M. cut the mast to ease the vessel, but could not see the life-boat come out of the harbour, which gave the gentlemen a bad heart; for the sea was very high, and breaking right over all our heads, and it was so very cold, that it was impossible for any man to hold himself fast. Colonel Pollen asked me if the round-house where the lady was, would stand fast. I told him it would stand as long as the bottom of the ship, and he said, That is right, we must all hold as fast as we can, for the boat will soon be here. I then left them, and went aft of the vessel, it was now about half past four, but still no boat to be seen, which we all thought long of her coming, for

our situation was now dreadful to behold, and the vessel all under water except the round-house. Mr. Benny cried out very much, but he was soon washed away, and after him, about ten o'clock, Lord Royston, Colonel Pollen, Mr. Bailey, and Mr. Baker, one sailor, and the lord's servant, were all washed away within three seas of each other. I saw the two servants washed away, and got hold of them both, but was obliged to let them go overboard, which grieved me very much. As for the lord and colonel I never saw them after I left holding fast by the round-house, when I jumped from the mizzen-rigging into the round-house, and Mrs. Pollen immediately says, Smith, where is my husband, is he safe? I told her, Yes; he had got safe on shore in the ship's boat, which, I believe, gave them all good spirits, in hopes he would soon be coming in the life-boat. I did not stop here ten minutes, before I went out again, and espied the life-boat coming; it was now eleven o'clock, and all this while a most dreadful sea rolling over us. The captain and the two seamen were on the bowsprit, and two dead sailors beside them. The boat came close to the vessel, and, filled with water, went away. Now I thought we surely must be lost. In half an hour's time she came back to the ship again, and Captain Cope and his two sailors got into her. I went into the round-house and took Mrs. Barnes out, in hopes to get into the boat; but alas! the sea was too strong for me, for we were both washed away twice by the strength of the sea, but I always recovered her again by the help of God. As for me, I was yet too weak to help myself, so I got her safe back to the round house, and went out myself; but was washed away a third time, and the boat picked me out of the water. So I remember nothing more 'till between four and five in the evening, when I found myself on shore at Memel.

I asked the people if the boat had gone off again, and they told me the captain said there was no more on board. What was his intent for that, I cannot tell. The boat went off six times that afternoon, but never could come to the ship, the wind and sea were so very high. Now here they must pass a dreadful night, the sea rolling over their heads, and the cold very severe, by which one Mr. Fock, of Hamburgh, died; about three the next morning the life boat went off twice and came back; the third time it got to the ship, and brought back Mrs. Pollen, Mr. Halliday, Mr. Peirero, and the servant of Mrs. Pollen. Now here were left on board Mrs. Barnes and two children, and a little Prussian boy, who belonged to Colonel Pollen; Mrs. Barnes's servant girl, and her youngest child, two months old, and Mrs. Pollen's man servant, assisting the girl into the boat were all washed overboard together: the girl and child were brought on shore in half an hour after, but alas! too late. Mrs. Barnes remained on board six hours longer

alone,

alone, and the people in the life-boat said they saw her and her children washed overboard, which was a false report. I told the commodore of the pilots she was certainly yet alive, on which Captain Davison, an Englishman, jumped into the boat, and went off and brought her safe on shore, with the two children and the Prussian boy.

Civil Catechism and brief Compendium of the Obligations of a Spaniard, practical Knowledge of his Liberty, and Explanation of his Enemy; very useful in actual Circumstances; put in the Form of a Dialogue, and now circulating in Spain.

Q. Say, child, what do you call yourself?—A. A Spaniard.
What do you mean by a Spaniard?—An honest man.
How many and what are his duties?—Three: to be a Roman Catholic, apostolic Christian; to defend his religion, his country and laws; and to die rather than be vanquished.
Who is our rightful King?—Ferdinand VII.
With what species of love is he to be obeyed?—With that love to which his virtues and misfortunes entitle him.
Who is the enemy of our happiness?—The emperor of the French.
Who and what is he?—A bad and covetous man; the beginning of all evil and end of all good; a compendium and depositary of every species of vice.
How many natures has he?—Two; one diabolical, and one human.
How many emperors are there? One real one, but existing in three false persons.
Who are they?—Napoleon, Murat, and Godoy.
Is one worse than another?—No, father, they are all equal.
From whom does Napoleon proceed?—From Hell and sin.
And Murat?—From Napoleon.
And Godoy?—From the intrigues of both.
What attributes has the first?—Pride, villany, and despotism.
And the second?—Robbery, infamy, and cruelty.
And the last?—Treason, lasciviousness, and ignorance.

CHAPTER II.

Who are the French?—Ancient Christians and new heretics.
What brought them to their present slavery?—False philosophy, and the corruption of their manners.
How do they serve their lord?—Some by augmenting his pride, and others as the instruments of his iniquity, and of the extermination of mankind.

Must not such an iniquitous empire have an end?—According to the opinion of the soundest politicians, its ruin is close at hand.

From what have we these omens?—From the dispositions adopted by our beloved mother—the country.

What is the country?—An assemblage of many distinct communities, ruled over by one king, and governed by the same system of laws.

Have all those communities a reciprocal interest?—Yes; all being bound in the same natural duty to help, support, and defend each other reciprocally.

What punishment ought to fall on the Spaniard, who should violate these just duties?—Infamy, the natural death of the traitor, and the civil death of his descendants.

What is natural death?—Privation of life.

What is civil death?—The privation of property, and of the honours which the country bestows on all true and valiant citizens.

CHAPTER III.

Who is come into Spain?—The second person of the diabolical trio.

What are his principal functions?—Despotism, robbery, and oppression.

What doctrine doth he teach us?—Infidelity and depravity of manners.

What can free us from such an envoy?—Union and arms.

Is it a sin to kill Frenchmen?—No, far from it; a great merit, if thereby we can deliver our country from injury and insult.

CHAPTER IV.

What is courage?—Constancy of mind in those who, with prudence and coolness, pursue the means of victory.

And is not subordination necessary to its attainment?—So much so, that it is its first qualification.

To whom is it due?—To all our chiefs.

In the eye of your country, who is the best and most noble of our sons?—He who distinguishes himself most by honour, courage, and disinterestedness, be he who he may.

Who are those who solicit greatness, honours, and rewards, before they have exercised those virtues?—The proud and senseless, who do not know how to obey, and who are generally the most useless.

What ideas ought to lead us on to battle?—Our country's welfare, the defence of our brethren, and the universal glory of the nation.

Who

Who are those whose duty it is to bear arms?—All those whom the government deems the fittest, and whom the community can best spare.

What are the duties of the rest?—To contribute with patriotic generosity a part of the means they have derived from their country.

And he that has nothing, what is he to do?—Pray to God for the success of the Spanish arms, and occupy himself in the business to which he has been brought up, which is also a mode of contribution to the public weal.

To whom ought we to look for our happiness?—To God, the skill and loyalty of our chiefs, and our own courage and docility.

CHAPTER V.

What policy and conduct ought Spaniards to observe?—The maxims of Jesus Christ and the gospel.

Which does our adversary follow?—Those of Machiavelo.

In what are they founded?—In egotism.

To what end do they conduce?—To promote their self-interest, to the prejudice and ruin of their fellow-beings.

How do they obtain it? By representing crimes as virtues.

CHAPTER VI.

By what means have the tyrants occupied our soil?—By deception, treason, and every base artifice.

Are these means sufficient to obtain the crown which belongs to another?—No; so far from it, they have rendered themselves unworthy of our regard; and we must resist, with all our strength, a king who wishes to enter by such unjust and abominable means.

What felicity therefore must we seek?—Such as they can never give us.

And what is it?—The security of our rights, the free exercise of our holy religion, and the establishment of a monarchial government, adapted to the institutions of Spain, and her relations with the rest of Europe.

Well, did we not possess it already?—Yes, 'till disorganized by the indolence of the supreme authorities who governed us.

And who must regulate it?—Spain, assembled in her cortes, who alone have this right, exclusive of all foreign influence.

Who would have sanctioned this plan?—Ferdinand VII. who we pray God may be restored to the bosom of our love for ever. Amen.

THE

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 51.

TO THE EDITOR.

" Good name in man or woman,
" Is the immediate jewel of their souls."
SHAKESPEAR.

ONE would almost conceive it a matter of impossibility, Mr. Editor (did not daily experience lamentably convince us to the contrary) that there are beings in the world so base and degenerate by nature, as to take pleasure in the degradation of their fellow-creatures. There is not a town, nor a village, nor even a hamlet, probably, in the whole of his majesty's fair domains, where *slander* has not a votary—where innocence suffers not from the envenomed tongue of detraction. But cannot even *virtue* escape? Let the fate of Eudosia inform you.

Eudosia was born to affluence, and, having lost her mother at an early age, was educated under the immediate inspection of an indulgent father. Her native village, from which she had never been twenty miles, was a beautifully romantic spot on the banks of the Ouse, where several genteel families enjoyed the sweets of retirement, indulging, at the same time, in frequent and general intercourse. You must picture to yourself Eudosia at the age of eighteen, unsophisticated by the follies of fashion, and of a person eminently formed for attraction; possessing alll the charms of youth, uncontaminated by pride; and all the modesty of femality, untainted by prudery. She might be aptly compared to the lily of the valley, that seems anxious to hide within its ample leaves, a flower of delicate loveliness, and of fragrance the most exquisite.

———" Oh, she's all softness!
All melting mild and calm as a rock'd infant!
She is the child of love, and she was born in smiles."

Such was Eudosia when first introduced to Hortensius. Hortensius was the son of an eminent London merchant, engaging in his person, and elegant in his manners. Mrs. Meanwell, his father's sister, (a widow-lady) possessed a neat cottage in the village, to which Hortensius was invited to spend one of the summer-months. The charms of Eudosia failed not to interest his feelings; and both families being on a very friendly footing, he had frequent opportunities of cherishing a flame, to which he had hitherto been an entire stranger. A mutuality of sentiment was the consequence, which, after a variety of

of preliminary ceremonies, terminated in an actual engagement. But Eudosia, considering the shortness of their acquaintance, would by no means consent to the consummation of the match 'till the end of twelve months; so that Hortensius returned to London without her, but not without a firm reliance on her constancy.

After his departure Eudosia felt the full force of sorrow; her native village which had, before that period, been the extreme boundary of her wishes, seemed *now* destitute of a charm; and her only consolation (if indeed it could be called such) was to retrace the walks where she had so often listened to the voice of love. In one of these lonely excursions she happened to meet her neighbour Calumnia—one of those antiquated pieces of virginity, who, being past the bare hope of marriage themselves, cannot listen with any degree of patience to the more propitious fortune of others. A short and uninteresting conversation ensued, in which Eudosia (preferring her own reflections to the petulance of spitish garrulity) betrayed an anxiety to shorten the interview as much as possible. Calumnia remarked it, and judging from her own dissolute principles, immediately suspected an *assignation*. A glow of malicious satisfaction gave a momentary blush to that countenance, where neither modesty nor nature had ever bestowed one before; and, wishing the innocent girl a *good evening*, *(verbally* so, I mean,) she hobbled off towards the village, resolving to dispatch a spy after the object of her envy.

So unsearchably mysterious are the ways of providence, that we are apt to attribute its operations to a blind chance. The wicked prosper in their infamy, and trample with impunity on the angel-form of innocence; but a period will arrive when our ignorance shall terminate in admiration; and virtue and vice be recompenced according to their different deserts. I was led to this reflection from what follows—a circumstance as gratifying to Calumnia as the most diabolical malice could desire.

Cherishing a thousand imaginary scenes of bliss, which hope irradiated with her brightest beams, Eudosia proceeded in her walk, quite unconscious whither she wandered; when, of a sudden, a man rushed on her from a thicket, and demanded her purse. "Oh take it—take it," cried Eudosia, "but for Heaven's sake—" She could not finish her speech, but fell pale and senseless to the ground. The robber raised her in his arms, and endeavoured to restore her to animation; but finding all his efforts ineffectual, he carried her to a neighbouring cottage. However unlikely this circumstance may appear, the mystery will soon be unravelled.

Eudosia, on recovering her senses, found herself stretched out on a bed of straw. A female, apparently wasted to a mere

skeleton by hunger, stood by her side, surrounded by eight ragged and miserable children, all of whom were crying most piteously for bread. Not even the appearance of a stranger could check their importunities. "Gracious providence!" exclaimed the astonished Eudosia, "where am I? Surely I dream! Ah no—no. The robber, the terrified robber, bursts on my recollection. Oh conduct me, good woman, conduct me, I entreat you, from this haunt of wretchedness; nor doubt of a reward. At present I have not the means; my purse has been taken from me, but you shall be amply repaid to-morrow." "*To-morrow!*" cried the poor woman, distractedly, "these babes—these starving innocents will never see to-morrow." "Then conduct me immediately to the village, and you shall receive instant relief." She consented. The evening was far advanced, and they had a walk of two miles before them. For some time both were silent, 'till the poor woman, bursting into tears, intreated Eudosia never to mention *the robber*. "Not *mention* him!" answered Eudosia, "Is it not my duty to the public to give information this very night, that a search may be made for him?" "In mercy—in pity—as you value the lives of myself and infants," cried the woman, "put not this threat into execution! But hark! did not the bushes rustle? Oh speak softly, or we are undone." Eudosia, terrified at the wildness of her guide, promised at last to comply with her request. "Then know," continued the woman, "that I am the wife of that unfortunate man, whom you falsely call a robber. Your purse was never taken from you; and nothing but the most abject poverty and despair would have driven him to the dreadful extremity of demanding it. We were once in affluence like yourself. My husband was a merchant of Bristol; but the voice of calumny blasted his fair fame, and we are undone." By this time, they had reached the village, and found Eudosia's father in great alarm for her safety; and yet how could an explanation take place? Secresy had been promised, and secresy was observed. Eudosia had visited the abode of poverty; needed there a better excuse? In short her father was satisfied, and the poor woman supplied with ample provision of meat and money.

Was not this the essence of generosity? Not only to forgive the injury, but to relieve the distresses of a man who had violently assaulted her! Calumnia, in the meanwhile, was not idle. Her spy witnessed the robber's attack, and saw him bear off Eudosia in his arms; in consequence of which the folllowing anonymous letter was dispatched to Hortensius.

"Sir,

"I am your friend, and zealous for your honour and happiness. Eudosia is false; nay her character is infamous. I saw

her last evening lying in the arms of a rival—a debauchee—who took her to a retired cottage, where they remained 'till a late hour at night. If you doubt this assertion, pray question her on the subject. Farewell—and be cautious."

I cannot describe the agonizing feelings of Hortensius on perusing this base insinuation. His love was converted to madness. Doubt, jealousy, despair, and all the complicated horrors of a tortured imagination overwhelmed him. He knew not what course to pursue; or how to get at the dreadful certainty of her infamy. But after a long and painful consideration, he resolved to write to her in his usual style, and merely to hint his suspicions at the conclusion. This he did in these words: "The tongue of slander is not mute. I have heard a ridiculous story of your having visited a cottage with a gentleman. Pray tell me who this rival is, &c." Eudosia, in the innocence of her heart, read this without the least idea of what had taken place, and answered it quite in a jocular manner; confessing she had been at a cottage, but was bound by a solemn vow never to divulge the secret. This reply was a thunderbolt to Hortensius. He no longer doubted; but, swearing eternal hatred to the whole sex, resolved to quit a country in which he had endured such unmerited wretchedness. In a few days, therefore, without deigning to upbraid Eudosia, he set out for Holland, and arrived there in safety.

Several months elapsed ere my fair heroine heard of his departure, during which period she had frequently written him (supposing he was still in London), but her letters were returned unopened. The grief and anxiety this disappointment gave rise to, preyed deeply on her spirits. Her constitution, naturally delicate, was gradually impaired, and the fatal symptoms of a consumption became evident. Every medical aid was resorted to, but in vain.

In the second autumn after the departure of Hortensius a dreadful fever raged in the village, and the infamous Calumnia fell its victim; before her death, however, remorse of conscience urged her to disclose her crimes. She accordingly sent for Eudosia's father, and presented him a written confession of her guilt, and a copy of her letter to Hortensius. These were immediately forwarded to Holland. Hortensius lost not a moment. He fled on the wings of love. He arrived at the village—but, alas! it was but to shed a tear on the primrose that pity had planted on the grave of Eudosia, and to terminate a miserable existence in a madhouse.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

X.

Answer, by J. Saunders, of Exeter, to Alphonso's Rebus, inserted July 11.

IF I your rebus right explain,
BRASS is the metal, Sir, you mean.

† Similar answers have been received from S. Duck, and Frederic Arden, of South Petherton; H. Easter, of Poole; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. Treadwin, J. Osborn, and Typographus, of Exeter; J. French, of Evershot; J. Woodman, of North Curry; Paul Ninnis, of Tavistock; and W. Kent, near Camelford.

Answer, by J. W. of Charmouth, to J. A. Dyer's Rebus, inserted July 18.

YOUR parts together rightly join'd
Will bring the dreadful PLAGUE to mind.

‡‡ We have received the like answer from J. Saunders, J. Treadwin, Typographus, and J. Osborn, of Exeter; W. Petherick; W. N. of Sidmouth; J. Melhuish, J. Trood, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; Frederick Arden, and S. Duck, of South Petherton; Hester Easter, of Poole; J. Woodman, of North Curry; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. French, of Evershot school; William Kent, near Camelford; G. Oades, and J. Medland, of Knackershole; T. Pearse, Chard; G. Trenchard, of Bampton; Philo Musæus, of Yeovil; W. Courtis, of Upton Pyne; P. Ninnis, Tavistock; C. Crews, Newton Abbot; and a private in the North Cornish volunteers.

Answer, by J. Melhuish, Bridgewater, to H. Ellis's Rebus, inserted July 25.

IN a BAROMETER you may behold
Each varying change of weather, heat and cold.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Osborn, Typographus, T. Whicker, J. Treadwin, H. Ellis, and J. Saunders, of Exeter; Mary Davis, and J Trood, of Bridgewater; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; S. Duck, and Frederick Arden, of South Petherton; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; Hester Easter, of Poole; J. French, of Evershot school; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; W. Kent, near Camelford; D. G. of Hinton St. George; W. Petherick; J. Woodman, of North Curry; and T. Kite, of Chard.

A CHARADE, *by F. Arden, of South Petherton.*

MY first, ye bards, you'll soon declare,
'Tis what the fair sex often wear;
My second may be quickly sought,
Which is from foreign climates brought:
Ne'er may you with my whole be cloy'd,
Which is of reason nearly void.

A REBUS, *by J. Trood, of Bridgewater.*

MY first is for pleasure I ween,
In summer 'tis oftentimes seen;
Fam'd gents. for my second declare,
A place where most people repair;
My last you'll discover with ease,
Then mention a bird if you please;
These parts a town will soon expound,
In England 'tis not to be found.

POETRY.

THE HOLY MAN.—A PORTRAIT.

IN days when blythe my childhood ran,
I knew him well, the holy man:
Erect his form, tho' time had shed
Some snows upon the reverend head.
Youth lent his cheek its liveliest hue,
And lighted still his eyes of blue;
Thence oft would sportive fancy peep,
With mirth that fills the furrow deep;
And oft the guileless lips between
The thought in lambent smiles was seen.
His voice such music could impart
As calms and cheers the troubl'd heart;
Even ere his soothing strain began,
He breath'd of peace—the holy man!

In no rude isle, no lonely wood,
His patriarchal dwelling stood,
In no wild glen; the vale was still,
Beneath the slope of sheltering hill;
Alone the flail was heard in air,
Or sabbath-bell that chim'd to prayer.
There rose his chimney, dimly seen,
Behind its lattice-work of green,
There open stood the simple door,
Haunt of the mourner and the poor,
Haunt of the happy—home of rest,
Even of the care-worn stranger blest!
Him hail'd the son, with cordial mien;
Him sooth'd the daughter's smile serene;
And him caress'd the playful boy,
Delight of all, the common joy!
He to the grandsire's charmed ear
Oft breath'd his little lisped prayer;
And oft the hair of silv'ry hue
With wily urchin finger drew;
Then feigning fear the culprit ran—
For well he knew the holy man.

Oh! not in cheerless hermitage
Trimm'd he the glimmering lamp of age:
From him had years no power to steal
Man's dearest privilege—to feel.
Still might the lover unreprov'd,
With rapture paint the fair belov'd;
And still the fearful maid impart
The sorrows of a conscious heart:
Such raptures once his youth had known,
Such sorrows haply were his own;
Time had but slack'd the thrilling chord,
Responsive to the bosom's lord.

Oh memory! let me long retrace
The lov'd expression of his face,
When o'er the historic page unroll'd,
He mus'd on days and deeds of old;

On

On sceptres now oblivion's prey,
And empires vanished away.
But when he breath'd the patriot's name
He kindl'd with the sacred flame,
And eyes, that beam'd thro' tears, confess'd
The transports of a kindred breast.

Sweet was his smile at early morn,
O'er the fair blossom, newly born;
Or when at evening's pensive hour
He sought the low laburnum bower.
If look'd from heav'n the star of day,
While roll'd the silent clouds away;
If o'er his brow, with balmy wing,
Breath'd the sweeth south, the soul of spring;
In all around, beneath, above,
He saw, he felt the power of love:
And as the mother's soul o'erflows
On the sweet babe her arms enclose,
So look'd on nature's genial plan,
So look'd to God, the holy man.

Thou gracious form, that from this heart,
Whilst life remains, shall ne'er depart,
How did this prescient bosom swell,
What time I breath'd the sad farewell!
His hand with firmer grasp I press'd,
Long on the threshold did I rest,
A lingering glance again I cast,
Another yet—and then the last!
Stern death! on that dear hallow'd breast
Unfelt thy icy hand was press'd;
And whilst thy swiftest arrow sped,
Still seem'd to sleep the pillow'd head.
Haply, some angel in his ear
Low whisper'd that the hour was near;
Or haply some kind vision stole
With bland enchantment o'er his soul:
His hand some stranger's seem'd to press,
His gift some sorrowing mourner bless;
For pale his lips, his cheek tho' wan,
Still smil'd in death the HOLY MAN!

E. B.

SONNET,

Written on a fine Night in Autumn.

THE silver crescent on the belt of night
Looks beautiful; and oft the passing gale
Pauses amid the half-illumin'd vale;
As if 'twere conscious of the charming sight,
And felt, like me, ineffable delight.
Meanwhile the mist expands its mantle pale
O'er the bright bosom of the slumb'ring stream;
And the brown wood, beneath the mellow beam,
Grotesquely tow'ring, curious shapes assumes.
The starry host above but faintly gleam
Like distant lamps thro' intervening glooms,
And now the gossamer, in airy looms,
Prepares her filmy wonder, to adorn
The forest's rugged race, the briar and the thorn.

HAFIZ.